THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Real World & Nixon's

The Editors

Khrushchev's Calculated Risk

Jean Daniel

Catholics and the State

Reinhold Niebuhr

"So, It's on the Moon"

Burton Rubin

October 17, 1960, 25 cents

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T.R.B. from Washington

Mao in Manhattan

★ It cost two wars to get the UN, if it fails it will cost another to get its successor. What a very frightening world it would be with no UN! Yet it is threatened by Soviet aggression and US negativism. For 10 years the US has watched the tide rise – the tide for seating Red China. Now the vote is 42-34 (with 22 abstentions) against a resolution to consider seating. We have won again! But the margin is only eight. Not one of the 16 new nations voted with us; 13 abstained, three backed the Communists. Next year, who knows? Wayne Morse, serving as a member of the US delegation in New York, says we "have got to be willing to have the UN negotiate conditions for admission of Red China."

If we are defeated next year, we can always ignore the UN. We are a big power. That is what France will do next month if, as seems likely, the Assembly gives a two-thirds vote to the resolution for a UN-supervised Algerian referendum. But ignoring the UN is a self-inflicted wound to national prestige and the hope of peace.

Of course it wouldn't be much fun having Mao Tse-tung in Manhattan. He would be worse than Khrushchev. But would it be a disaster? Moscow and Peking don't see eye to eye, but we force Mr. K to be the mouthpiece for Mao; we shove them together. Mr. K argues that coexistence is possible; Mao says "No" – look at the UN! Then there is disarmament. Peking will have nuclear arms in a year or so. What value has any disarmament agreement that excludes Red China?

Meanwhile our satellite, Chiang Kai-shek, gives a 10-year jail sentence on October 8 to one Lei Chen, the "organizer of the first major political opposition" on Formosa, and Chiang says his US-trained and subsidized army is going to seize the mainland "within three or five years at most."

Worst Foot Forward

★ What a help to win Africa our 19 million Negroes might be! But US consulates in Africa (where there are any) have few Negroes; our system promotes few Ralph Bunches. Eisenhower, reluctantly and belatedly, has invited the UN representatives of the 16 new nations to the White House. All this time Mr. K has been wooing them assiduously. Why is it that somehow or other we seem recently to put our worst foot foremost in diplomacy? Does Khrushchev frighten us? Is it Eisenhower's stiffness? Even in the business of heading off the UN resolution for a top meeting, which both Mr. K and Ike opposed, it was left to us, not the Russians, to snub the neutrals while Mr. K laughed from the sidelines.

Heywood Broun voted against FDR in 1932 on the evidence then available: he wrote that "a crooked convention nominated a corkscrew candidate." Even campaign debate does not always elucidate candidates' true positions. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in his latest book on FDR (*The Politics of Upheaval*) describes the pathetic, punch-drunk Alf Landon at the climax of the 1936 campaign, hardly aware of what he was saying. No candidate is quite responsible in the reckless wind-up. Ivory-tower dwellers can generally, with justice, find holes in either argument and pad themselves into supercilious neutralism if they care to.

The fact is today, however, there is one fairly clear issue. Do you believe that US power relative to Moscow and Peking has "deteriorated in the last eight years" and that something should be done about it? Then you should vote for Kennedy. Do you believe that "Communist prestige in the world is at an all-time low and American prestige is at an all-time high?" Then Nixon is your man.

The Hollow Man

★ We find our own distrust for Nixon intensified as we approach the final three-week campaign climax and what he likes to call the "rocking-socking" stage. He has taken a chauvinistic, "no-regrets" line on the incredible U-2 bungle. Now he would nail Quemoy-Matsu to the mast in a "Don't yield an inch!" of raw jingoism. It can be argued that Nixon doesn't really mean this; that it is just campaign demagogery and that he will switch to sanity the minute he is elected. Yet it was not in a campaign at all that Nixon, April 16, 1954, told the publishers here he would block further Communist expansion in Asia and Indo-China by "putting our boys in."

The distinctive peculiarity of Nixon is, of course, that even when he says something you do not know whether he is committed to it. It would be quite entertaining to see him as President. He would run with the crowd. We quoted above the April 16 statement on Indo-China. Yet on April 28 of that same year, when he found he had shocked public opinion, he said, "the major aim of this Administration's policy is to avoid committing American troops in Indo-China or elsewhere." And two years later he demanded of Adlai Stevenson in simulated horror, "Does he believe we should send American boys to fight in the Middle East?"

Nixon is the hollow man. Are there any real convictions inside him? The temptation to quote him is great. He called the Korean War "fruitless and unnecessary" in 1952; yet a year later said, "Let's recognize right now the decision to go into Korea was right." When Stevenson proposed a nuclear test ban it was "catastrophic nonsense"; when Eisenhower adopted it, he said it was "the right decision."

On April 23 last year Nixon said it would be a "mistake" for the Administration to intervene in the steel strike; on May 16, after intervention, he said he considered it was "our responsibility" to intervene. In 1954 Ezra Benson was "one of the best Secretaries of Agriculture in our history"; now he is repudiated.

Soon We'll Know

★ Is there a definition of a "recession"? The best we know is that it is a downward movement of GNP (Gross National Product) in uniform dollars. If the third quarter of 1960 (July-August-Sept.) is below the second quarter, then recession is here. The figure will be out soon and we'll know.

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Nixon's World

THE WEEK

3. Nixon's World; Election in Brazil; Labour Against Itself; Osborn Views the Campaign; Dick and Ike

ARTICLES

9. "So It's on the Moon" by Burton Rubin
11. Mr. K's Calculated Risk by Jean Daniel
13. Catholics and the State by Reinhold Niebuhr
16. The Superficial Aspect by Gerald W. Johnson

DEPARTMENTS

17. Books 20. Movies 21. Theater
22. Correspondence

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At no moment so far in this campaign has Mr. Nixon by a gesture, a phrase, an expression, given us to feel that he has within him those "deep anxieties, long sensed" (the words are those of Mr. Eisenhower's former speech writer, Emmet Hughes) which darken the thoughts of serious students of world events. As James Reston of *The New York Times* commented the morning after the second TV debate: "Mr. Nixon . . . is presenting a picture of the nation's position that is definitely not supported by most well-informed observers either in this capital or in the United Nations."

Contrast the Vice President's bold assertion last week that, "At the present time Communist prestige in the world is at an all time low and American prestige is at an all time high," with the world as it was that week. At the UN, the new African members lined up solidly with the rest of the Afro-Asians against the United States and the West (the Communist bloc abstaining) on a resolution urging renewed contact between the President and Mr. Khrushchev. In that week, a majority of the votes at the British Labour Party Conference were cast for a policy of military disengagement from the United States and unilateral nuclear disarmament. In that week General de Gaulle demanded a veto right for France over the use of nuclear weapons anywhere by the West; Mr. Khrushchev delivered a new ultimatum on Berlin and a new attack on the UN Secretariat; the Algerian War was no nearer an end, with all of the menacing implications that conflict has for the future of relationships between Africa and Europe; hemispheric solidarity was shaken not only by the sight of the Cuban-Soviet entente in New York, but by rumblings of trouble in Ecuador and by a deepening reluctance everywhere in Latin America to be, or to be thought to be, too faithful a disciple of Uncle Sam. Prime Minister Nehru left the US "disappointed" at the West's brusque repudiation of his initiatives in the UN. It can be reported on excellent authority that non-Communist national leaders in Manhattan were alarmed at the inertia and short-sightedness of US diplomacy, and even more alarmed at Khrushchev's privately-expressed contempt for the inner strength and will of this country. Chalmers Roberts of *The Washington Post* summed it up: "The heart of the matter is simply that the whole American approach to this extraordinary gathering has been just about 180 degrees opposite to what it should have been."

And elsewhere? South Korea, for whose independence Americans died and into which billions of dollars have been poured since the Korean War, remains on its feet only because it is propped up by a

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continuing US subsidy. Much the same sad story is true of Iran. And last week, Washington abruptly cut off all defense support to Laos – 80 percent of whose national budget has been underwritten by the US, the situation being too uncertain for further investment now.

Mr. Nixon's response to all this is a mild acknowledgment that one can always do better, and a sanctimonious observation that "it isn't necessary to run America down in order to build her up."

If that were all Nixon were saying, however, it could be passed off as campaign oratory: one can't expect the Vice President not to flatter his audience or appeal to its desire to be comforted. But in his TV debate with Senator Kennedy last Friday, Mr. Nixon went far beyond that self-deception that believes the lie and brought forth a new and alarming doctrine. Senator Kennedy had said that "if you're going to get into war for the defense of Formosa it ought to be on a clearly defined line," and that that line ought not to include small islands lying from between six to 15 miles off the coast of Communist China. The Vice President's response was immediate and demagogic. He contrived to suggest that Kennedy's endorsement of drawing a line this side of Quemoy and Matsu was comparable to Dean Acheson's failure to draw a clear defense line prior to the outbreak of the Korean War. He went on to say that the defense of these offshore islands is necessary because of "the principle involved."

"Principle" is a solemn word, and the voters had better be clear what this principle would mean if applied. The practical result of the new Nixon Doctrine is US involvement in a war with Communist China at any time the Communists launch an all-out attack on these offshore islands. In such a war, it can be predicted with almost absolute certainty that the United States would fight without Asian allies and very little support from any other quarter. One can be sure also that an attempt to implement this doctrine would destroy, probably for all time, the slim remaining possibility that Formosan independence could be established by separating the future status of that island from that of Quemoy and Matsu.

What Mr. Nixon said perfectly illustrates how dimly he comprehends the character of a responsible foreign policy, a policy described in these pages some weeks ago by Louis J. Halle: "We must be the opposite of weak and provocative; strong and conciliatory. The simplicity of such a policy (of which Theodore Roosevelt was a famous exponent) should not be confused with naïveté, for it is no less sophisticated than it is simple. In fact, its implementation requires a sophisticated discrimination between what is *strong* and what is *provocative*, a discrimination that we have failed to cultivate in the recent past."

Mr. Nixon is no isolationist – no isolationist would pledge himself in advance to go to war with Communist China over Quemoy and Matsu – and yet what he has just said about the offshore islands ought to send the public back for another look at other parts of the Vice President's record on international affairs. His overvaluation of what is accomplished by kitchen debates is sophomoric. But there is the fact too that in January of 1950, he opposed a $60 million authorization for Korean aid, though a month later he turned about and approved the same proposal. When he ran for Vice President the first time, Mr. Nixon made much of General Eisenhower's pledge to seek an armistice in Korea. But a year earlier he had attacked Truman's firing of General MacArthur and introduced a resolution demanding that MacArthur be restored to his post; though the point of that controversy was disagreement between the President, who was fighting a limited war of containment, and General MacArthur who advocated a "hot pursuit" that would have pushed the war into China.

Mr. Nixon has generally taken a liberal trade position, but he voted to kill the Trade Agreements Act of 1949. He has associated himself with the President's opposition to the Bricker Amendment, but he was one of the original sponsors of that Amendment in 1952. He defended President Eisenhower's unilateral suspension of nuclear tests, but when this proposal was advanced by Adlai Stevenson, he denounced it by saying that "Mr. Stevenson's brand of peace seems to amount to achieving peace through weakness." Up to a week ago, the Vice President favored repealing the restrictive Connally Amendment under which the US reserves the right to determine which cases come under the jurisdiction of the World Court. Now, under pressure from Senator Goldwater, he has just reversed himself.

Many of these switches are explicable in terms of party loyalty. And that requires us to examine with some caution the Vice President's downgrading of parties in this campaign. What of his proposition that "it isn't the label that [Senator Kennedy] wears or that I wear that counts."? Our two parties are not sharply divided by ideology, coalitions form and fade, but Mr. Nixon knows that the President is not only the spokesman for the whole nation but also the leader of and in some ways the instrument of a party. The President is pledged to carry out the platform of his party; he is obliged to work intimately with leaders of that party in Congress; his appointments are, in the main, party appointments. He runs with his party, not against it.

And what distinguishes this party whose ticket Mr. Nixon heads is its lack of sympathy for and understanding of those forces of change that have burst upon the world since 1945 and that will keep the world in a state of peril for decades ahead. Mr. Nixon's party feels in its bones that if you are rude enough to Khrushchev, if you shout your anti-Communism loud enough and can muster enough votes to keep Communist China out of

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the UN (as Mr. Lodge blithely assures us can be done), if you don't let the budget get too high and give free enterprise its head, we'll not only be all right, but we'll be better than anyone. Unfortunately, there is almost nothing in common between this way of looking at things and that of the Nkrumahs, the Nehrus, all these young leaders in Africa and Asia with their anti-colonial and more or less Socialist attitudes, or even the enlightened statesmen of Western Europe.

It is in part because Senator Kennedy has a progressive domestic program that he is better qualified to speak for America abroad. It is because he sees the significance of Khrushchev's remark that Russia's position in the world will not be determined by UN votes "but by the economy of the Soviet Union" that Kennedy is qualified to lead. He understands the correlation between power and diplomacy ("I don't confuse words with strength"). And he respects intelligence. (Who, one wonders, would be Nixon's counterparts to such foreign policy advisers as Adlai Stevenson, Chester Bowles, Walt Rostow, David Lilienthal, Richard Gardner, Ernest Gross, Benjamin Cohen, Paul Nitze and Harlan Cleveland?)

Just before the election of 1956, *The New Republic* in endorsing Adlai Stevenson said that "foreign policy is the issue." It still is. The dangers to freedom are greater now than then, and the opportunities fewer – which is the principal reason why in our judgment a victory for Senator Kennedy and all progressive Democrats is so important this year.

Election in Brazil

Despite Brazil's size (larger than the US without Alaska) and growing importance (65 million people and an annual increase of nearly 2 million more) its Presidential election last week was not considered significant enough to be worth much newspaper space or television time. As a consequence, the American public missed a colorful and important clash of men and issues.

The loser, Marshal Henrique Teixeira Lott had the backing of the party in power, always an asset in Latin America. President Eisenhower's visit to Brasília last March, and the subsequent six month International Monetary Fund credit to tide Brazil over the elections, were widely interpreted as evidence of US backing for Lott. The Marshal, formerly Minister of War, is an honest and capable soldier, who has several times kept Brazil from sliding into a military dictatorship. But he is 65 years old; he lacks the fire and drive that Brazilian voters prize so highly, and he was associated with the disastrous fiscal policies that drove the cost of living up an average of 5 percent a month all last year.

His successful opponent, 43-year-old Jânio Quadros, had made a remarkable record as Mayor of the city and then Governor of the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil's most populous and fast-growing area. Quadros is efficient but eccentric, sometimes going for days without sleeping or shaving because he is "too busy"; as one admirer put it, he is "a cross between Jesus Christ, Lincoln, Lenin, and Charlie Chaplin." Although a moderate and a believer in private enterprise, Quadros has been highly critical of Washington's Latin American policies, and he can be expected to call upon the US to end arms shipments to the Stroessner dictatorship in Paraguay, and to aid Brazil's economic development with something more substantial than promises. And it is noteworthy that on his visit to Khrushchev in Moscow last year, and during his meeting with Fidel Castro in Havana this spring, the new President of Brazil expressed a belief that his country ought to serve as a "neutralist and calming factor" in the Cold War.

Labour Against Itself

The annual Conference of the British Labour Party, which last week rejected a resolution calling continued British membership in NATO an imperative, and renounced any policy based upon the threat of nuclear retaliation, has placed in some doubt not only Britain's future relations to NATO and Mr. Gaitskell's position as head of his party, but the very existence of the Labour Party in its present form.

Courageously and eloquently Mr. Gaitskell repudiated the idea of unilateral British disarmament and disengagement from NATO. He conceded that Britain should abandon its H-bombs, now that it has lost the means of delivering them, but not that it should discard the NATO umbrella or deny itself American weapons. To do that, he said, would destroy the alliance and drive America back into dangerous isolation.

The missionary endeavor shown by Mr. Gaitskell, Anthony Crosland and others to jettison some of the Labour Party's old doctrinal baggage – partly pacifist, partly a doctrinal faith in the saving power of more and more nationalization, is strongly resisted by militants who believe that Labour's program is as unalterable as the Ten Commandments. Their belief in Britain's influence upon world affairs is as great as Queen Victoria's; their confidence in the superior moral force of British Socialism seems unshakeable; their aversion to change formidable. Jennie Lee, Aneurin Bevan's widow, complained to the Conference: "I am tired of people lecturing us to think of the future and not of the past."

Mr. Gaitskell is still on top and when Parliament reassembles next month he can count on the loyalty of most of his fellow Labour MPs, but his is a precarious perch and whatever happens in Parliament, Labour is sure to remain divided, perhaps fatally so.

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Osborn Views The Campaign

Eisenhower I love you!

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Dick and Ike

The Vice President has said often enough that *he* is for the President, and the President last Monday night publicly said – for the second time in this campaign – that *he* is for the Vice President, and it would be foolhardy to deny the sincerity of their mutual admiration. On Nixon's side, there is no lack of ardor, so far as casual observers can detect: Mr. Eisenhower has been, and perhaps still is, the Vice President's indispensable man. Indeed, his pursuit of the President's affection has been so breathtakingly persistent that one has had to wonder how much of the affair was passion and how much was sheer panic. For the Vice President has had real cause for panic. He was only one of seven who, General Eisenhower informed Republican Party leaders, would be acceptable as his running mate in 1952; and after Mr. Nixon's nomination there came that terrifying episode of the fund, and General Eisenhower's statement to newspaper reporters that "I don't care if you fellows are 40 to 2 against me, but I'm taking my time on this one. Nothing's decided, contrary to your idea that this is all a set-up for a whitewash of Nixon. Nixon has got to be clean as a hound's tooth." Nixon's reaction, it will be recalled by those who read the articles by William Costello in this journal, was "rage and stupefaction." Nixon waited four days without hearing from the head of the ticket; and,

'enry 'iggins for President

En route with Nixon, Oct. 5

For the tone of his campaign, Richard M. Nixon has apparently drawn on the Biblical text, "He who humbles himself shall be exalted." He hardly ever uses the first person singular. He is always "we" on the platform. Sometimes the other half is his wife Pat, who is running for First Lady; sometimes it is Henry Cabot Lodge, who is a candidate for the Vice President. Whoever it is . . . is the better half.

No one could possibly accuse him of partisanship as he goes about dropping only the gentlest hints that he, too, is running for something. In fact, he almost seems to forbid Republicans to vote for him just because he is one of them.

"I think it's vitally important that when we elect a President," he told a crowd in Hackensack, N. J., yesterday morning, "that we have in mind that it is not enough just to simply vote a party label. I ask you to vote what ever is best for America."

Unlike his rival, Senator Kennedy, who presented himself in the same territory as the bold new leader of the party of Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman, Mr. Nixon pictures himself as a grateful follower.

"I'm riding their coattails," he said, pointing to the local candidates who made the rounds with him.

Mr. Nixon continued this theme of humbleness today when he told a breakfast gathering in New York that he is not going to say – as Senator Kennedy has – that "this is a time for greatness." He would be a little embarrassed, he confessed, to contend that only he has the greatness for the Presidency. He apparently wants above all to establish the fact that he is, like Henry Higgins, "just an ordinary man."

Senator Kennedy, of course, prefers to be considered extraordinary. He takes the platform with the briskest nod to the turnout, the most perfunctory acknowledgment of local aspirants. He immediately starts tossing out ideas with a rapidity that sometimes takes little account of the early-morning slowness of his auditors.

Mr. Nixon, on the other hand, uses the technique an early radio announcer summed up this way: "First you tell them you're going to tell them. Then you tell them. Then you tell them you've told them."

Mr. Nixon, with the microphone in hand, always exchanges a few delighted glances with Mrs. Nixon over the size of the crowd, then explains the complexities of domestic and foreign policy in terms which he tells the voters, "I know you will understand."

Senator Kennedy, seeking to illustrate a point, rifles the classics or world history. Mr. Nixon always finds just what he needs in his own humble past.

Yesterday, in Elizabeth, reproaching Senator Kennedy for a farm program he said would cause a 25 percent increase in food prices, he recalled the family grocery store and the housewives who came in buying stew meat instead of pot roast, hamburgers rather than steak, and no strawberries out of season. The Nixon line, with its emphasis on early travail and success that came hard, can be epitomized in that phrase: "No strawberries out of season."

He was as diffident about coming out for love of country as if it were an unpopular cause which only the rash would espouse. "Oh, they call it patriotism," he said. "You can call it flag-waving. Well, if it's patriotism and flag-waving, that's what we need."

Only his experience, Mr. Nixon deftly suggests, divides him from the man in the street – and from his opponent.

Mary McGrory
United Feature Syndicate

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again according to Costello, "powerfully resented Eisenhower's keeping him in suspense." The suspense continued even after the famous Checkers speech on TV, for the General's first reaction to that performance was "that I have to have something more than one single presentation, necessarily limited to 30 minutes, the time allowed Senator Nixon." Thereupon, Mr. Nixon got on the telephone and rather brutally, according to his biographer, Earl Mazo, told the General to "fish or cut bait." Dick thereupon became Ike's boy, but was it the inner man who spoke, or was the TV audience Mr. Eisenhower's prompter?

Prior to the 1956 Republican Convention, the President was as aware as were the newsmen of Washington that Nixon was not uninterested in renomination; yet Mr. Eisenhower told his March 7 press conference that he was adopting a neutral position and had asked Nixon "to chart his own course and tell me what he would like to do." James Reston's comment in *The New York Times* was that "President Eisenhower could, of course, come out flatly against Mr. Nixon and that would end it. But he is not yet sure he wants to do that and besides he does not like direct action." The initiative finally had to be taken by Nixon himself. On April 26 he called at the White House to inform the President (and the press) that he would be honored to accept again the Vice Presidential nomination. The President expressed his satisfaction, but it seemed to no one that two hearts were beating as one.

On the President's side, the ambivalence is equally discernible. He must guess that the Vice President does not share his reverence for the political aptitudes of businessmen in government. Mr. Eisenhower, moreover, believes in his program, and although he has said that Nixon must put forward his own ideas – and not necessarily those of the incumbent – it would be inhuman were the President to have no misgiving about Mr. Nixon's forays into welfare fields where more conservative and budget-conscious Republicans have feared to tread. And when Mr. Nixon drops the President's Secretary of Agriculture, and when he takes up Mr. Rockefeller's criticisms of the Administration's defense policy (there were three days of acrimonious backstage GOP Convention struggle between the President and Nixon over the defense plank), Mr. Eisenhower's affection must contain at least a drop of gall.

Asked on August 25 by a reporter to name "some of the big decisions that Mr. Nixon has participated in since you have been in the White House. . . ." the President's reply was less than magnanimous: "No one participates in the decisions. . . . No one can make a decision except me. . . . When you talk about other people sharing a decision, how can they? No one can, because then who is going to be responsible?" And at the end of that press conference, when asked to give "an example of a major idea of [Nixon's] that you had adopted in that role, as the decider and final –" the President said, "If you give me a week, I might think of one. I don't remember."

He has made up for that slip, of course, as he had to by later telling a Republican fund raising dinner tha "Dick Nixon has participated with me and high official of your government in hundreds of important delib erative proceedings. . . . His counsel has been invalu able to me."

Still, the relationship remains a curious one whic only time and candid memoirs can make plain. There a hesitation at the very moment of embrace, a vagu intimation of incompatability – perhaps even of dislil – and at the same time a sense, on the part of th President, of the inevitability of the final clinch.

Jenkinson's Law

This week brings new evidence of the accuracy o Jenkinson's Law ("everybody's crazy"). Consider th case of Kenneth Tynan, a Briton who covered Broad way for *The New Yorker* and signed a newspaper ad vertisement bought last April by a new organizatior called the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. The ad asked for honest reporting on Cuba.

A month later Tynan was subpoenaed by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and questioned in secret session. The testimony has not yet been made public – and never will be if Jenkinson's Law continues to operate – but Tynan has sold his recollections of the adventure to *Harper's* magazine: "Such was the caliber of the inquisition that astonished amusement became the only possible response. Had I received money for signing the ad? Was it paid for by Cuban gold? No. . . .

"Was I – and it was here that my fear melted into a deep intestinal chuckle – was I aware that President Eisenhower had . . . stated that the Castro regime was a menace to the stability of the Western Hemisphere? No, I was not.

"And did I think myself justified in holding opinions

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that openly defied those of the President of the United States?"

"I brooded over this for a long, incredulous moment, and then replied that I was English, and that I had been forming opinions all my life without worrying for a second whether or not they coincided with those of the President of the United States."

Tynan's lawyer then inserted in the record a statement that the critic was a dues-paying member of The Diner's Club, which represented the extent of his American affiliations. His State-side credit had to be good, for his lawyer's bill came to almost $1,500.

There is a postscript to this adventure that should be mentioned. On the eve of the Democratic National Convention, Fair Play for Cuba, which is an independent organization claiming no domestic or foreign affiliations, tried to place in the *Los Angeles Times* a paid advertisement headed: "An Open Letter to the Delegates to the Democratic National Convention, Don't Let Cuba Become a Western Hungary."

The ad's message was summarized in the last of its 21 paragraphs: "If you are a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, your duty is clear. Demand that the Cuban people be permitted to work out their destiny just as we Americans insist on the right to govern ourselves in the best way we know how."

The newspaper refused to carry the ad.

This is Fair Play for Cuba's version of the incident: "We inquired how come, and were informed that it was Communist propaganda, or words to that effect. The ad contained an appeal to the delegates not to let Cuba be turned into a Western Hungary, and we argued that if we were Communists we would hardly take that tack. The *Times* representative's reply: "Well, these Communists are pretty clever. You never know what they'll say."

The *Los Angeles Times* will not receive equal space here. On August 26, a querying letter was sent requesting the newspaper's version. No reply has been received.

A LETTER APPEARS IN "KOMSOMOL 'SKAYA PRAVDA"

"So It's on the Moon"

I was in my cubicle at Moscow's Lenin Library one day last August when a Russian I had become acquainted with popped in, and with a "have you seen this," handed me a newspaper. It was a back copy of *Komsomol 'skaya pravda* and as I read my astonishment grew. It was one of those rare statements that now and then enigmatically appear in the Soviet press and illuminate man-in-the-street attitudes. After I had finished reading the article I asked the young man who had called it to my attention if I might keep it and I could tell by his surprised question – "You mean you haven't seen or heard of it before?" – and the way he savored my excitement and astonishment that the article was well known to Russians and had delighted those in sympathy with its views.

The title of the article was, "Isn't It Early To Play Around the Moon." It appeared on the front page of the June 11 *Komsomol 'skaya pravda* and was in the form of a letter signed "with greetings" by one Aleksei N. from Ioshkar-Ola who jauntily signs off: "If you want to print it, do, if not, don't, that's your business, but I doubt that you'll risk it"; and a long reply representing the editorial board's point of view by L. Podvoisky, an engineer at Moscow's "Hammer and Sickle" Metallurgical Factory. The letter is worth translating in full:

> "Dear Editors:
> "I have never written you about good or bad, nor have I written you making excuses for myself or with praise for the way landscaping is carried on. But, [I'm writing] not for the sake, as they say, of 'trying my hand', but in order to express my opinion (and not only my own!) about what I've been reading and hearing since the rocket launchings.
> "So our scientists have launched a rocket to the moon. I'm not going to dispute the fact that it actually 'landed on the moon.' If it's on the moon, so it's on the moon. Of course it's an important event, and it stirred up a big fuss. But, let's have a look, as they say, at the other side of the coin, and ask this kind of question: What have these Sputniks and rockets given the simple mortal, including me. I, for example, on the eve of the rocket's launching was in debt for 300

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rubles, and I'm still in debt 300 rubles, in spite of the successful launching.

"Doesn't it seem to you that the craze for these Sputniks and the cosmos is untimely, or, more precisely, premature. What I mean to say by this is that we're still up to our necks in earthly matters: there isn't enough living space, nursery schools, goods are expensive. And that rocket, I don't doubt, eats up so much money that everybody would probably groan if they knew the cost of it.

"Tell any worker: Now you look here, Ivan, if we don't launch this rocket your little Volodya would start going to a kindergarten, that a yard of cloth would cost not 4 rubles, but half that, that you could buy an electric iron in a store – and I'm certain that he'd say: 'For God's sake, don't launch those rockets'.

"Rockets, rockets, rockets! – who needs them now! To hell with the moon for the time being, give me something better for the table. . . .

"Those Sputniks and rockets leave me cold. It's too early for them. They're useless."

Now this modest little epistle (it ran just one half of a column) evoked a full half-page reply from the editors. (Why they printed the letter at all in the first place is the tantalizing question. It's tempting to speculate that one or some of the editors promoted the idea of publishing it in order to expose the unpopularity of its ideas, as a left-handed way of putting them before the newspaper's readers.) In any case, the letter was sent on to the "collective" of Moscow's "Hammer and Sickle" Factory, for reply by engineer Podvoisky.

His rejoinder is phrased in the bathetic official rhetoric that amuses intelligent Russians and leads them to ask in despair about the style of Soviet newspapers: "When will it end? Don't 'they' understand that it's completely unnecessary, ridiculous and humiliating?"

"Like every Soviet man," Podvoisky writes, "I have experienced in recent years many moments when my heart overflowed with the most sincere rapture and pride at the successes of our scientists – the subduers of the cosmos." He proudly relates how the whole world is studying the Russian names which Soviet scientists gave to the newly-discovered seas on the moon. And he says that the 4th of October, 1957, the day that the first Soviet artificial Sputnik was launched was, for him, the happiest holiday in life. The rest of the long reply sustains pretty much the same tone. Podvoisky says that he took Aleksei N.'s letter to one of the shops in his factory and read it to the workers. Some laughed, but others raised objections to such views. One talked about how the rocket launchings had enhanced the Soviet Union's international authority. Another said that obviously Aleksei N. was a man who thought more about food and clothing than his country's honor, and that he wasn't much of a man for that: "It's better to dress a bit more simply than to lose your homeland." This last point, engineer Podvoisky adds, acquires especial significance in the light of the "incident with the American aerial pirate." Podvoisky himself then goes on to cite some of the practical benefits of cosmic investigations: more accurate prediction and ultimately control of weather, more exact maps of the earth, new possibilities of exploiting the inexhaustible sources of energy of the universe.

I don't know what impelled me to keep *Komsomol 'skaya pravda* of June 11 and stuff it among the notes and papers I had been collecting during my stay in the Soviet Union, so that once again, a month or so later, it would figure in an encounter I had with another Russian. Anyhow, I subsequently left Leningrad for Copenhagen on the sleek new Baltic passenger liner *Estonia* which the East Germans built for the Russians this year. I was out on deck one day engaged in one of those profitless arguments with one of the crew members whose approach to every question that was raised was, for understandable reasons, strictly official – he likes his job which puts him in a position to be one of the few Russians to see Europe.

Finally, at one point in the argument that turned on living standards in Russia and the possibility of raising them radically if some of the resources now being devoted to rockets, heavy industry and armaments were directed toward that purpose, I asked him if he had seen the *Komsomol 'skaya pravda* article. He said that he hadn't, so I went to my cabin, dug it out of my briefcase, and brought it to him. I watched his face as he read it. He hesitated, half lifted his eyes, and then went on to read the reply. I waited until he finished. He agreed, of course, with engineer Podvoisky. I told him that having seen first-hand the appalling conditions in which Russians live I thought the letter at least raised a real problem that Russians might think about. He laughed. "That's just what you'd like, isn't it? For us to stay backward and be a pushover for you!"

Now, this may have really been the way he looked at things. There are many intelligent Russians who are very far from being "official types" who nevertheless feel that international realities being what they are, the Soviet Union must support a large military establishment, part of which is "playing around with the moon." And these same people are convinced that the current emphasis on heavy industry is just the medicine backward Russia needs. But it was interesting that my shipboard interlocutor, who had the smart look of a 52nd Street Damon Runyon character and was nothing if not capable of thinking for himself, felt it necessary to read the full official reply before he was willing to comment on Aleksei N.'s letter.

Burton Rubin

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Mr. K's Calculated Risk

United Nations

The basic question – indeed, the only relevant question – which can be asked after these weeks of debate at the United Nations is, in my opinion, this: Why did Khrushchev, who is fully aware of the attachment of the neutrals and of the Afro-Asian group to the United Nations, attack the UN so violently; and why did he risk having the contingent of uncommitted nations slip through his fingers altogether?

In the first place, are the risks taken by Khrushchev really great? The latest meetings of the Afro-Asian representatives in New York tend to confirm that they are – though the risks for Mr. K are certainly less today than they were before the West unceremoniously rebuffed the fervent effort of the neutralists to bring Eisenhower and Khrushchev together. Still, the less controversial leaders of the uncommitted nations, such as Nehru, Nasser, or Nkrumah, have been unable to impose their viewpoint readily on others, or at least, not if this viewpoint failed to coincide completely with unconditional support of the UN.

For the time being, the attacks on Mr. Hammarskjold have not succeeded in causing the newly-independent nations wholly to forget the role of the Secretary General and of the UN at Suez, in Lebanon, or even in the beginning of the Congolese affair. In all three instances the UN made it clear that it was not an instrument of America's desires. For some years, Mr. Hammarskjold has closely identified himself and the UN with the concerns of the uncommitted, seeing the United Nations as a champion of these young, poor, and neutral nations so that they might be both the beneficiaries from and the arbiters of the international situation.

The United States and the rest of the West have on a number of occasions – and violently – opposed this philosophy. Neither John Foster Dulles nor Mr. Herter encouraged so benevolent an attitude toward neutralism, and one of Mr. Hammarskjold's victories consisted in convincing the US (to a much greater extent than he was able to convince France and Great Britain) of the need for a change in the policies of the West in this regard. His victory was won to the benefit of the young nations, and with almost their complete support.

There are also, obviously, psychological reasons for the attachment of the young nations to the UN. For a nationalist leader who has only just laid down arms, the most prestigious consecration of his country's independence is the world's recognition of its sovereignty and its admission to membership in the UN. It is there, rather than in their own countries that the chiefs of the new states find confirmation of their independence. Their voice is worth as much as that of their neighbor, no matter how powerful he may be. Their freedom of action and of intervention is the same. Their opinion is solicited, they are listened to with respect. In their own countries, they need others; in the UN, others need them.

But in addition, the UN over the last few years has put across a number of important concepts. For example, political disengagement has come to be increasingly desired by the West, instead of being foolishly feared; economic aid has begun to be accompanied by less political intervention by the givers.

And finally, the pressure of the UN on the United States has been so great that on those questions of most interest to the Afro-Asian world, there has been a real change in the American attitude, even under a Republican Administration. With respect to Algeria, for example, there has been very marked progress. The moment actually came when the US was preparing a more advanced position on Algeria than that of the Russians, who had long been catering to General de Gaulle in the hope of dividing the West.

Thus – and this observation is basic to an understanding of the present situation – the UN, subsidized, supervised and nourished by the United States – has increasingly, day after day, reflected the will of the neutral and Afro-Asian nations. As a result, the US has made its peace with the UN rather than the UN's having bowed to the will of the US. Indeed, the UN has served as a bond, connecting if not welding the US to the neutral world. The most striking illustration was President Eisenhower's address to the General Assembly. This surprising speech, the revolutionary quality of which from the viewpoint of US diplomacy has not been emphasized, disavowed five years of Republican policy. It is a positive charter of neutralism. John Foster Dulles must have turned over in his grave – he whose life was spent in denouncing as the devil incarnate those leaders who refused aggressively to proclaim their anti-Communism.

Khrushchev thus found himself in a situation of having to choose between two evils: on the one hand, to accept the United Nations as it is and to go along with a transformed American policy in Africa and in Asia; on the other hand, to take the risk of calling the United Nations into question and to arouse, for the

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moment, feelings of discontent on the part of the Afro-Asians in order to destroy the American position.

Two events incited him to choose the second course. First, his difficulties with Communist China. Much has been said on this subject, and there is no need to dwell further on it. Let me point out merely that for the first time in years no Soviet delegations attended the October 1 festivities commemorating the anniversary of the Chinese revolution at Peking; that the two countries which agitated most strongly in favor of admitting Communist China to the United Nations are India and Russia – in other words, two countries in conflict with China; that the African delegations which are now returning from China affirm that the Chinese no longer hesitate to say openly that Mr. Khrushchev is not a revolutionary but is rather a "reformist at the head of a country which has become bourgeoisie." The personal difficulties between Mao Tse-tung and Khrushchev have become sufficiently serious so that the Soviet Premier feels the need to give proof to the Communist world of the genuineness of his revolutionary faith and his ability to disrupt the capitalist camp.

But the second event which was undoubtedly more determining for Mr. K was the Congolese affair. What actually happened in the Congo? The Russians were caught unprepared, unready to exploit the chaos that occurred last July on the heels of Congolese independence. One leader, however, Patrice Lumumba, unexpectedly held out a helping hand to them. Without being compelled to take an official position, the Soviets found themselves involved in and almost the arbiters of the situation, thanks to the threat constantly kept dangling by Mr. Lumumba to appeal to the armed forces of Russia. The Russians decided to take full advantage of this opportunity to move into the heart of Africa, in order to bar the way simultaneously to the Chinese and to the US. Khrushchev took a *personal* interest; *he himself* chose the members of the Soviet mission to Leopoldville and laid down the line which this mission was to adopt. What followed in the Congo is well known: the speed with which Hammarskjold was able to establish, with US help, the presence of the UN; how Lumumba, from the outset, considered Hammarskjold an enemy; why entrance to Katanga was impossible and how, at the end, in the general confusion, Lumumba lost the fruit of his earlier successes. What is less well known is the intense bitterness and rage of Soviet Russia in the face of this defeat. Khrushchev had made this a personal matter. He would never forgive Hammarskjold for the pitiful departure of the Russian Embassy from Leopoldville and the denunciation of Soviet intervention. And, since any Russian defeat becomes automatically an American victory, and since Hammarskjold was considered responsible for checking the Russians, it was inevitable that the Secretary General of the United Nations should be called "the valet of the American capitalists and imperialists."

In any event, in the Congo, where there had not been (as at Suez) Soviet-American agreement, but where on the contrary, there was Soviet-American rivalry, Khrushchev was able fully to appreciate the power of the world organization when the United States and the UN come to an agreement; he could perceive what a barrier the UN can be to Soviet aggression; he could sincerely believe, in terms of his understanding of history, that American policy is passing from blind economic imperialism which is easy to denounce, to a shrewd and hence more dangerous neo-colonialism; and that consequently it was necessary, without further delay, to thwart the maneuver, to provoke a crisis at the UN, to split even two or three African and Asian countries off from the United States, and thus establish long-term positions of strength which would permit subsequent interventions in Africa when opportunities were offered. I believe that all the keys to the Soviet attitude lie in this analysis.

Official American observers now seem to think that the checking of Khrushchev is complete, that Russia will be isolated, that the Afro-Asians will almost all be in the American camp when it comes to matters directly affecting the UN. I am not so optimistic. Khrushchev *has* committed irreparable blunders, yet so have his adversaries. The parliamentary maneuver by which the West blocked Assembly adoption last week of the modified resolution sponsored by five leading neutralist leaders and calling for "contact" between Eisenhower and Khrushchev was an incredible blunder, and an unanticipated gift to the Russians. Had the resolution come before the Assembly, it surely would have been approved by a majority.

To the extent that American optimism is genuine and not merely tactical, it reveals a total lack of understanding of the way the world is evolving. As he has himself expressed it, the Soviet Premier is operating for the long haul. He is "sowing seeds which may perhaps today fall on rocky soil, but which will tomorrow fall on soil favorable for deep-rooted growth." What he has just sown is the seed of doubt as to the innocence of US economic assistance; the reluctance of the Americans to separate themselves from Western colonialism; the intransigence of the US in opposing entry into the UN of a China which the whole world fears, but to whom no one wishes to appear hostile; skepticism as to Mr. Hammarskjold's independence of action. It is highly doubtful that all of these seeds will fail to find fruitful soil. How many do will depend basically on the next President of the United States.

JEAN DANIEL

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Catholics and the State

by Reinhold Niebuhr

A distinguished Jesuit theologian, Father Gustave Weigel, two weeks ago gave an unequivocal Catholic endorsement of our constitutional principle of the separation of church and state. It was significant that the largest part of his statement was carried by secular newspapers – as news – and that the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the secretariat of the Catholic hierarchy, distributed, and in effect, endorsed it.

I take particular pleasure in commenting on the implications of Father Weigel's important statement, since I have myself, after absolving Senator Kennedy of any shred of dishonesty or deception in his commitment to the First Amendment of our Constitution, been the recipient of an avalanche of mail, much of it critical. Some of the letters were written by perplexed Protestants and agnostics who wanted to believe Senator Kennedy but asked why no Roman Catholic Bishop or other clerical spokesman for the church had made an equally unequivocal pronouncement on church-state separation. Some were written by persons unwilling to make or incapable of making any discriminate judgment on politics and religion, revealing that religious zeal is not always and even not frequently productive of "love, joy and peace." (How often religious zeal merely enforces loyalty to "our gang," in mortal conflict with "your gang!")

What is Father Weigel saying? He first makes the familiar Catholic distinction between the "sacral order" which is the "dimension of man's relationship to the divine" and the "secular order" which is "the dimension of man's relation to finite realities, especially to his fellowmen with whom he lives."

These two orders, he tells us, are distinct. The superior claims of the "sacral order" are, in familiar American terms, expressed "in the inviolability of Conscience." "The state on the other hand is a natural thing," originating in human nature. This does not mean "that the state is not under God. It like other creatures is subject to the divine will." But its chief purpose is not the salvation of souls "but the worldly welfare of the community."

Father Weigel makes a point which Protestants and secularists often dispute but which is familiar Catholic doctrine, namely that the Roman Catholic Church welcomes the First Amendment because that amendment disavows the competence of the state "to make laws concerning religious faith and practice," and he asserts that "American Catholics do not want now or in the future, a law which would make Catholicism a favored religion. . . . They sincerely want the present First Amendment to be retained and become ever more effective. With a note of desperation I ask, what more can we say?"

He says a great deal more, in fact, that may clear up some of the confusion I have noted in the minds of my correspondents about the distinction between canon law which is binding on Catholics, and civil law which is binding on all citizens of whatever faith. This is worth mentioning because some of the anti-Catholic literature which comes to my desk ignorantly or maliciously recites some provision of Catholic canon law, and then declares that a Catholic President would be bound to violate the canonical prescriptions of his faith.

"The Catholic statesman," declares Weigel, "is not a moral philosopher or moral teacher." As a statesman "he takes his lead from the consensus of the community. . . . In his public role he is a man of law, which is framed for practical purposes, and canonizes no philosophy or theology."

Father Weigel does not say it, but there is a consistent note in one school of Catholic jurisprudence which regards it as unwise to transmute what the moral law regards as a private sin into a public crime. If this school were more rigorously followed, as rigorously as it is by Father Weigel's order – the Jesuits –it would remove one additional cause of friction between Catholics and non-Catholics. I refer to the Catholic position on birth control. Personally I believe that the prohibition of birth control by artificial means is the most dubious part of Catholic moral teachings, anachronistic in a neo-Malthusian age. When we study the difficulty of raising the living standards of poor nations such as Puerto Rico and observe how rising birth rates tend to negate every step of progress in the fight against poverty, some of us are inclined to have our most anti-Catholic moments. The prohibition is not only anachronistic; it is built on a very dubious interpretation of the word "nature" when it declares that "nature intends procreation" in sexual relations. I hope that the tendencies in Catholic schools of jurisprudence, which challenge the inclination to make a private sin into a

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public crime, will finally triumph here. And perhaps they will. It may be heretical to say so, but in a sense it is true that the Catholic Church, no less than the Supreme Court, in Mr. Dooley's observation, "follows the election returns."

If that statement is too extreme, it is certainly indisputable that the church is affected by history, and that Catholicism in the Western continental nations, the US and the British dominions is different from Catholicism in Spain, or for that matter different from that of Italy and Latin America. Catholicism by itself is not able to extricate itself from the organic collectivism of an agrarian, and usually feudal, culture. But once extricated by the forces of modern history, it is rather more successful than Protestantism in relating itself to the realities of industrial communities. The reasons for this are many. Catholicism has never had any doubts about the corporate substance of human existence. Moreover, its theories of "natural law," which may seem too inflexible to some critics, have the great advantage of making the standard of justice normative for corporate relations, and relegating sacrificial love to the status of a "counsel of perfection." Protestantism, on the other hand, is usually caught with an individualistic ethic which is not relevant, or only indirectly relevant, to the moral and social problems of our industrial society.

My mail has made much of the Protestant heritage of American democracy; but few seemed aware that it was not until the "New Deal" that Protestantism was extricated from an irrelevant individualism, in which Calvinist piety and Social Darwinism were curiously compounded. Meanwhile, Catholicism – both here and in Europe – had ties to the labor movement and never lost the industrial workers as Protestantism did. In the Germany of the Weimar Republic days, the great industrial complex of the Ruhr produced an industrial culture to which the old "Centrum," that is the Catholic Party, related itself creatively. The Protestant "masses," however, left their churches and joined the Socialist Party. Only since the recent war have the Lutheran churches made their peace with the industrial workers. The effect of a culture upon the ostensible universal church is illustrated by the actions of the Catholics of agrarian Bavaria, who found the Centrum of the Rhineland too radical and organized their own, more conservative "Bavarian Peoples Party." So far as I know, no one ever asked which of the two parties the Pope controlled.

When FDR inaugurated the New Deal, he quoted from both Catholic documents and the "social creed" of the then Protestant "Federal Council of Churches" to validate his theory that political power, under moral imperatives, has the right and the duty to eliminate the social and economic inequalities of an industrial society. Yet even now, both Protestant and secular democrats are not fully aware of the maturity of Catholic social theory in dealing with the complexities of contemporary society. I wish they had been present at a recent conference on management, labor and the problems of collective bargaining, where the specialist from the Catholic Welfare Conference, Monsignor Higgins, showed a more sophisticated comprehension of the problems of justice in the labor field than I have found in any Protestant expert. And at that same conference, another Catholic and Jesuit, Father Harbrecht, a student of law, showed an equal degree of sophistication in analyzing business corporations.

The democratic achievements of Catholicism are as impressive in the realm of race relations as in industrial relations. The Catholic Church was the only church which anticipated the Supreme Court decision on desegregation and enforced its program of integrated parochial schools. Here, its lack of democracy, in the sense of its lack of lay authority, was a boon. Both priests and Protestant pastors have had enlightened views on racial brotherhood. But the priests, supported by their Bishops, could make their views prevail, while Protestant laymen frequently drove enlightened pastors from their pulpits. My democratic convictions do not allow me to obscure the fact that the most democratically-governed churches have, on the whole, had the poorest record in race relations, particularly if lay authority coincides with small town respectability.

It is the Jesuit order – that great organ of the counter-Reformation – which has been most enterprising in elaborating those parts of the Catholic tradition which would make it creative in the modern world. And no one would accuse the Jesuits of heresy; they are certainly orthodox in extolling the supremacy of Papal authority. But they are imaginative in bending orthodox doctrine to serve the necessities of a modern pluralistic and technical community, something which many anti-Catholics have been too blind to see.

Unfortunately, the Catholics do not give us much help in converting Protestant fanatics from their view that the church is monolithic and that Senator Kennedy is to be held responsible for what the Archbishop of Madrid says or does. Even the most liberal Catholics rushed to the defense of the Mexican church when the Mexican revolution, anti-clerical as all revolutionary movements in Latin countries have been, pressed the church rather hard because of its connection with a discredited feudalism. I remember with chagrin my failure to convince any of my liberal Catholic friends that it was unwise then to defend the record of the church in Latin America. But I must confess that some Jesuit priests today are wiser than Catholics with whom I spoke in the thirties. They make no bones about their criticism of the Latin American church, though I doubt whether they do so in public.

The suggestion that the Catholics themselves do not give us much help in leading Protestants to appreciate

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the influence of varied national histories upon their faith prompts me to make one criticism of Weigel's excellent statement. He did not give the history, in classical terms, of the doctrine of the separation of church and state, of the Sacerdotium and the Regnum. In brief, that history has its beginnings in the Gelasian theory, propounded by Pope Gelasius in the 5th Century, after western Rome had capitulated to the Gothic hordes, leaving the Pope at Rome the residuary legatee of all Western civilization. It was at this time that the Pope wrote to the reigning emperor in Constantinople, setting forth the doctrine of the two realms. Later, when the Roman Popes became senior partners in a reconstructed "Holy Roman German Empire" and crowned the Frankish King Charlemagne as Western emperor, the doctrine of the supremacy of the church took form, and was thereafter consistently proclaimed from Gregory VII to Boniface VIII. It is this doctrine of supremacy, given theological status in the teachings of Thomas Aquinas, for which our anti-Catholics would hold Senator Kennedy responsible, though he has probably given no thought to it.

Subsequent events gave another and an ironic turn to the relation of the Pope to the rising nations, a turn which would probably astound the nationalistic critics of a universal church. The instruments of the rising nations who were the first to challenge the Pope in the political realm were two Roman Cardinals, Woolsey in England and Richelieu in France. In the youth of their respective Kings they polished the levers of royal power in the interest of the nation and in oblique defiance of the Pope. Father Weigel asserts that the church gives its Catholic statesmen considerable latitude in speaking for the "consensus" of the nation. He is right, but he might have added that national leaders, particularly lay leaders, frequently take more latitude than the church finds convenient.

Father Weigel rightly points to De Gaulle, as well as Adenauer, as statesmen who obviously do not take orders from the Pope. In the case of De Gaulle, with his preoccupation with the "grandeur of France," one senses the influence of Richelieu. And when we consider that Richelieu on the one hand, and Rousseau on the other, are two of the most creative architects of French nationalism, and that this national unity and passion has both virtuous and dubious facets, one realizes how much actual history dissolves the preconceptions by which various faiths, religious and secular, try to comprehend a nation's complex character. De Gaulle has his critics, but I doubt if any of them, even Mendès-France, has ever thought of accusing him of being a dupe of the Pope.

One more word must be said about history, particularly about our cherished American doctrine of the separation of church and state and the First Amendment's grant of religious liberty. Father Weigel correctly says that no Catholic in this country would have any other solution for the problem of church and state than that assured in the First Amendment. Yet it was not until Theodore Roosevelt's era that two prominent hierarchs, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore and Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota, made a ringing declaration of their devotion to separation, though Catholic laymen had long since accepted the principle without question. It was rumored at the time that Teddy Roosevelt tried to persuade the Pope to make Archbishop Ireland a Cardinal. Whether TR did or didn't, it was not done. And if the Pope had a sense of humor he would probably have countered the President's alleged pressure with the quiet rejoinder: "Don't you think it would be inappropriate to give an apostle of separation the red hat at the bidding of an American President?"

For some mysterious reason which I have never had explained, two Catholic theologians, both New Dealers – Fathers Ryan and Boland – disavowed the Gibbons and Ireland doctrine in their "Catholic Principles of Politics" published in the thirties. In that book they declared the doctrine was not orthodox, that the church still believed that the state should support "the true religion." But, Ryan and Boland said, the church would not ask for a change in American traditions unless the Catholic population became an "overwhelming majority." They thought it more honest to reassure non-Catholics about the improbable eventuality of such an overwhelming Catholic majority than to lead them to assume that the Gibbons-Ireland doctrine represented the settled policy of the church. The hierarchy never committed itself to either doctrine, and indeed lacks the authority to do so. Meanwhile, Father Weigel's distinguished colleague, the Rev. J. Courtney Murray, has in recent years put the Ireland-Gibbons doctrine of separation on a secure theological foundation. He, like Father Weigel, has argued that it is not the business of the state to be concerned with the "salvation of souls" but with the "common welfare."

Now, Catholic laymen, even eminent lawyers among them, have not bothered themselves too much about these theological debates; they have simply accepted the Ireland-Gibbons doctrine of separation as valid, exercising the latitude of the Catholic laymen. The opposition of Senator Kennedy to tax support of parochial schools is an expression of this lay freedom, unmatched, so far as I know, by any clerical statement. I don't suggest that this lay freedom is due to ignorance of Catholic traditions. But it is instructive that when the late Al Smith was challenged in the 1928 campaign by an Episcopalian parson about his loyalty to Catholic doctrine as stated in various papal encyclicals, Smith summoned his advisers to help him to compose an answer. And he opened the meeting of his entourage with the question "Will someone tell me what the hell a papal encyclical is?"

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What Do We Yearn To Do?

Quoth David Harum, "Mebbe a certain amount o' fleas is good for a dog; keeps him from thinkin' about bein' a dog."

The aphorism, cited in this place before, is worth quoting again by reason of the recent activities of the Kremlin's Mr. K. Mr. K is so annoying that whatever he mentions with enthusiasm is obviously something to be regarded with suspicion by Americans, and especially by those very eminent Americans, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon. Mr. K incessantly talks of disarmament; his fervor may be as phony as a five-and-dime store diamond, but it exists and it is very loud; so conceivably it might cause us to look upon disarmament with a lack-lustre eye.

This could be a good thing. After all, why is disarmament desirable? Presumably because it would enable us to turn the time, energy, and money now devoted to piling up weapons into some form of activity that would assure us not merely of life, but of a life more worth living. Where, though, is the proof that it would have this effect? Just what great thing do we in these United States yearn to do and cannot because of the weight of the burden of arms?

Some will say that with the extra $40 billion a year now being spent on engines of destruction we could go far toward eliminating the Fourth Fear, the fear of want, altogether in this country and very largely throughout the world. Probably we could, but would we? If we had that extra $40 billion available, is it not more likely that we should spend it on more alcohol and goof-balls to end our lives sooner?

To a superficial observer it seems that here is a campaign issue with more substance than the total of all that have been offered by both candidates in the campaign thus far. To call upon Americans to defend their lives and property is to call upon them to do what they intend to do anyhow; but to call upon them to support a definite, concrete program to make their lives and property more valuable to themselves and the rest of the world would be to raise a really controversial issue. For at present there is little evidence that Americans intend or desire to do anything of the kind.

To say that it would be a moot question is true enough, but no answer. A political campaign is not an action at law, in which the moot question is inadmissible. Everything in a campaign is contingent upon future events, of which the event of November 8 is merely the first. Thus a program contingent upon a reduction of armaments is as practical as any other.

We are aware that the price system at present is so rigged that a sudden cessation of expenditure on defense without anything to substitute for it would, at least temporarily, play hob with the whole economic system. At one stroke it would add three million able-bodied men to the available labor force – those now in uniform. In addition, it would make jobless several million others now engaged in producing for the armed forces. What it would do to finance is beyond imagining. In short, it is a good thing that a sudden cessation is not within the bounds of possibility.

But even a relatively gradual reduction of defense expenditures would subject the economy to dangerous strains unless it were compensated somehow; hence ways and means of compensating it are decidedly within the purview of statecraft. Mr. Kennedy has sidled up to that question once or twice; he has refused to commit himself to a promise to reduce taxation, but he has not made clear to the ordinary voter why a reduction in taxation is not necessarily desirable.

Our system of production has so far outstripped our existing system of distribution that heavy expenditures that do not produce a monetary return are essential to keep the system in any kind of balance. The expenditures do not necessarily have to be military, but they do have to be heavy – in the neighborhood of 10 percent of the national income – and this makes heavy taxation imperative.

But as long as American taxation is productive largely of armament it constitutes a standing threat to the rest of the world. If the time should come when as large a proportion would go to socially desirable, but not economically productive objects, the threat would be removed, and the whole world, ourselves included, would have a greatly increased interest in the survival of this republic.

Why isn't this a program to inspire enthusiasm in the electorate? Certainly it would be difficult to present in terms comprehensible to the typical newspaper reader, but a sufficiently ingenious leader could do it. A second FDR, for example.

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A New Packard Persuader

by Stephen Mahoney

An old *Collier's* hand, Vance Packard is a first-rate researcher. And, he has a nose for news. In 1957, in *The Hidden Persuaders*, he sifted and simplified and revealed that the public was unknowingly being seduced into spending money needlessly. As in any really satisfying story, there was a villain. Psychologists in the pay of manufacturers had stolen into our unconsciouses and were tinkering with the wires. On the whole, Packard's faith in

The Waste Makers
by Vance Packard
(McKay; $4.50)

the claims of the motivational analysts exceeded that of even the most hopeful and naïve of these psychologists' clients. But the book performed some timely and worthwhile muckraking and was a best-seller for a year.

A digger had found gold. In 1959, Packard went on to reveal, with an astonishment that was not convincing, that ours wasn't the classless society we had been promised; and he proceeded to investigate and chart the American class structure. The book was *The Status Seekers*. Business, this book showed, was exploiting the social stratification: "And studies of people who have achieved a toe-hold in the white-collar group," Packard wrote (for example), "reveal that these people like to be told that they now 'deserve' the finer, more solid material things in life, and that for them buying the 'right' thing has become a 'birthright'. When people borrow money to achieve all this 'birthright,' they [are] assured that by going into debt they are 'on their way up'." This book, too, was a best-seller for a year.

Now, *The Waste Makers*. (Packard's titles, these catchy persuaders, are stamped with commercial savvy.) In this book, that is even money to be the best-seller of this season, Packard reveals that hidden persuasion and status seeking have turned out to be of less consequence than his new discovery. Alone, it seems, they do "not move goods in the mountainous dimensions desired. What was needed was strategies that would make Americans in large numbers into voracious, wasteful, compulsive consumers – and strategies that would provide products assuring such wastefulness."

What business is up to, in short, is planning obsolescence. Well. The subject is one we have been hearing a good deal about, and it is one we have all had ideas about, God knows. There has been, however, little factual documentation for the general reader. Now, citing one manufacturer's strategies and then another's, Packard puts together an impressive case-book. One fact, one anecdote, follows another.

Typical is the story he tells of progress in happy Detroit. Cars these days, as even a Chrysler vice-president has admitted, are inferior to the ones that were on the road ten years ago. Increasingly, cars are built for styling. "Decades ago," Mr. Packard says, "GM took the automotive leadership from Henry Ford I by successfully insisting that competition be on the basis of styling rather than pricing. Mr. Ford in fifteen years had brought the price of his Model T motorcar down from $780 to $290, by sticking to a basic design except for minor changes."

Well, today at Ford, styling has its offices separate from those of engineering; the Ford automobile, like most others, is an expensive women's fashion item, and Ford is, to quote its billboards, out front again. The head stylist is a fellow, formerly a designer of women's dresses, reputed by his admirers to be "the Cellini of Chrome." Cellini makes $200,000 a year.

If you think that's not depressing enough, Vance Packard has a thousand stories like it. Did you know the mortality of electric razors is carefully timed? Stoves and washing machines are restyled annually, to keep housewives buying new ones. Right now they are emblazoned like jukeboxes. (Some of the buttons, knobs, and dials are expensively impressive dummies, hooked up to nothing.) Television sets and tubes made in 1947 were better than those made in 1960 and lasted longer. The clever manufacturer of a potato peeler colors his item the exact shade of a peeling. Why? In order that it will inadvertently be thrown out, requiring the housewife to buy another. (When the manufacturer found the potato peeler lacked eye-appeal in the dime-store, he called in the consultants. They stuck an attractive display card on it. The average American family, incidentally, pays $500 a year just for display cards and packaging of this kind.)

These facts are important, I think. One must be grateful for them, as I am – I'm thinking of a car this year – and admire Packard's capacity for legwork. Here is a book that we can look forward to recalling vividly during the Soaring Sixties, every time we dial for the repairman. While being properly indignant about the facts, however, one can regret the shallowness of the ideas they suggest to Packard. The recent transformation he sees in our system of values is hardly a response – as he would like us to think – to the pressures applied by the waste makers. (And it is not so recent.) Waste-making, of course, is a creation of the economy of abundance – and given

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prevailing values, probably a necessary one. Who *are* the waste makers? Isn't this the real point to the Ford story he tells? People like to buy: for one thing, it's a distraction. (We put up four percent of our national income for education, which is the same amount we pay in installments on our cars every year. Just high pressure from Detroit?)

The assumptions of Packard's public are puritan, while the behavior is self-indulgent. How good to know that you and I are not responsible for the heavy spending, the shoddy goods. The persuaders, the waste makers – they're bedeviling us.

Odyssey from Providence, R.I.

by Susan M. Black

The latest wandering hero I've encountered is one *Mr.* Constance M. Firth (the name is his particular cross to bear), the narrator of a high-spirited first novel by Gerald Weales. Jason set sail to search for a specific something. For Connie, "The important thing is the looking." He leads no Argonauts: "My wanderings are my own. I belong to no group and no generation. I have no theory and no philosophy. I do not GO; I simply go." And he finds nothing (no Golden Fleece) or rather everything (himself).

Tale for the Bluebird
by Gerald Weales
(Harcourt, Brace; $3.95)

Tale for the Bluebird begins in Providence, R. I., to which Connie comes after having kept Christmas with his brother, The King, and Queenie, his wife, in Bridgeport. As Coincidence would have it (Coincidence has almost everything happening in this novel), Connie comes into the brief possession of a mysterious ornamental box and a diary. Box and diary are promptly stolen, though not before he has torn from the latter a page on which are listed nine names and addresses. Curiosity and impulse send Connie on a journey to see the nine in the hopes of learning the box's secret.

His first stop is New York City. ("New York in April is as beautiful as birth. I got there in January.") As Charles Seeker (one of his many aliases) he visits the first name, which belongs to a latter day religious leader. When asked why he is involved with the box he says he needs it and starts to cry. The aliases, the responses and the scenery change as Connie proceeds. From Atlanta (an old Southern lady, Connie's favorite of the nine and mine) he goes to Los Angeles (a well-kept young thing named Candy Stick); from San Francisco (eccentric millionaire) to East Aerial, Mass. (a painter painting on to quench unquenchable thirst) and out to the Midwest (No. 7 is a Negro chemist in Detroit, No. 8 a labor leader in Chicago, No. 9 a politician in Indianapolis).

All nine come together in the tent of a traveling medicine man in rural Indiana. Connie watches from outside. He wants to go inside but cannot remember which alias he used for each person. He doesn't know who he is. "I had been so many different people in the presence of so many names on the list that I knew suddenly that I had now to be no one to all of them. A rose by any other name is likely to change shape, color, smell."

The box reappears no less dramatically than it disappeared and when it is open, all nine know what to do and the group disperses. Connie sets out for Bridgeport to spend another Christmas with The King and Queenie. (Modern odysseys are by Greyhound bus, car, truck and train and last not for 20 years but just for one.) His first ride asks for his name and he answers."My name is Constance Firth." That much he can do.

The author is to be complimented for his courage (both the allegory and the adventures are impossible – and so they work) but above all for his irreverence. He takes deft digs at academic life, beat poetry, psychiatry ("There are the possibilities, it seems to me. I can adjust to the world, or the world can adjust to me. The last seems more sensible"), tabloid newspapers and certain national magazines, pseudo intellectuals (for that matter pseudo anyones), abstract expressionists ("I like pictures in my pictures."), lady volunteer political workers and professional politicians, laborites, theologians – and others.

Mr. Weales' writing is not without flaws. I smiled at some spontaneous and genuinely funny lines and the author proceeded to wipe the smile off my face with some much too self-conscious slapstick clichés. I found some distasteful as well as some unfunny writing; I agree with a fellow critic who recently complained of the bigger-than-ever mass of novels containing naughty words and "describing the sexual act as if each author had just heard about it." But if the prose is uneven in quality, it picks itself up very quickly after its periodic lapses. And whether at a high or a low point, it is always full of gusto, sur-

An Indian Summer

The rich Autumn robes are carefully laid out,
But warm at the skin and humidly distressed
I am limply waiting, idly hanging about
Still in the shreds of summer's faded dress.

What use is this taking and briefly giving back?
The bereaved know how ghosts are frightened away –
Those passion wraithes that vanish into smoke
With the first cool look of a chill October day.

Unsubstantial as they are, it is unfair
For them to be loitering.
One might as well be reconciled once and for all
To the loss of anything.

Maxine Cassin

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prises and fresh observations. As Connie wanders into The Giraffe Room, a cocktail lounge, the author notices, "Every chair, every banquette, every bar stool was covered with a fabric that was supposed to look and feel like the hide of a giraffe. Not having ever known a nylon giraffe. . . ." Elsewhere: "Better to be burned in a candle flame, said a moth I know, who is also a poet, than to mope away your life in a dark closet, munching synthetics." In a bus terminal he listens to a girl "between a sob and a sigh, the catchy breathing of a child who no longer wants to cry but does not want to lose the warmth of being comforted." He must also come to know himself. Says Connie, a likeable and sympathetic hero, "Growing up is learning to cry by yourself."

How Much Public Spending?

by Robert Lekachman

The key question of the decade is the character and extent of the federal government's commitment to a variety of public objectives, some of them traditional (defense and conservation), others new and debatable (education and health), still others moderately old (public housing and river valley development). In each of these areas the Administration has been constrained by its attachment to the elder canons of public finance – an unwise wisdom insists that budgets ought always to be balanced, taxes, whatever their level, should be lower because taxes inhibit private activity, and, logically, public expenditure must always be reduced. The last canon is all the more attractive because conservatives always consider that private spending is more virtuous and more efficient than the public variety.

Spend and Survive
by David Demarest Lloyd
(Bobbs Merrill; $3.50)

Now it is the growing consensus of the intelligent, whether they are liberals like Keyserling and Senator Kennedy, or conservatives like the distinguished authors of the Rockefeller Reports, that this concept of government is gravely inadequate and that this conception of fiscal respectability has impeded economic growth, enlarged unemployment, starved the public services, and endangered our defense. It has not even controlled inflation or very frequently balanced the national budget. Senator Kennedy's capacity to dramatize these facts effectively may determine the fate of his candidacy, and, far from incidentally, our prospects of repairing the damage which nearly eight years of reluctant government have inflicted.

Mr. Lloyd's book continues the campaign of elucidation begun by J. K. Galbraith in *The Affluent Society* and so ably carried forward by Francis Bator in *The Question of Public Spending*. A major service of *The Affluent Society* was its persuasive demonstration that Americans were misallocating their resources by spending far too much on trivial private consumption as compared to their outlay for vital public services. Bator complemented this analysis with a close study of the record of public spending, quietly destroying some of the myths about the relation between government spending and inflation, and sensibly showing that the primary impact of our government's operations was to reshuffle private resources rather than to replace private with public economic activity.

Spend and Survive is a clearly written summary of the sources of our public revenue, local and state as well as federal, and the manner in which we spend these sums. The magnitudes are impressive. Out of a Gross National Product exceeding $500 billion we expend about $145 billion publicly, some 29 percent of the total value of the goods and services which the economy annually creates. What ought we spend by 1970 to defend ourselves, educate ourselves, and protect ourselves decently against the vicissitudes of age, illhealth, and unemployment? In answering that question Mr. Lloyd examines in succession defense, foreign aid, education, health, housing, transportation, agriculture, resource development, and protection against poverty. Almost everywhere he looks he sees an absolute necessity to expand our outlays considerably; the single exception is agriculture. One important reason is demographic: our population is increasing at a rate higher than that of India. But it is not only that there are going to be more of us to educate, house, and defend. We must spend more in the next few years because we have done so little in the last eight years for urban redevelopment, education, and social security. By and large Mr. Lloyd's estimates are reasonable. He bases them substantially on government studies and the investigations of responsible private groups. And the 1970 bill with which we are presented is a large one – no less than $225.6 billion.

Can we afford such staggering expenditures? The answer depends upon what happens to the size of our economy. If by 1970 the Gross National Product in 1960 prices touched $780 billion then $225.6 billion would be a burden no greater than the present $145 billion in relation to the present size of Gross National Product; and if we grow at an average rate of 4.5 percent be-

Could the Jews have fought back at Auschwitz?

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, of Chicago University, examines this provocative question in all its frightening aspects in his foreword to the new book, "Auschwitz—A Doctor's Eyewitness Account" by Dr. Miklos Nyiszli.

Dr. Bettelheim's conclusions have already caused much controversy and discussions in magazines, newspapers and synagogues. If you wish a free copy of this foreword write to:

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tween 1960 and 1970, we will reach $780 billion. Is 4.5 percent an unrealistic target? Does it imply the end of a free economy? No. West Germany, Italy, and France have been expanding at rates considerably above 4.5 percent without dictatorship, and it remains to be proved that the Russian rate of growth is higher *because* Soviet society is undemocratic.

If we allow a little common sense into the discussion of public finance, we will realize that wise government expenditure finances itself by increasing the capacities of its citizens, increasing their employment, and expanding the income out of which taxes are collected. A large share of government spending is the most vital and challenging kind of investment in the health and skill of the general population.

In a short book on that vast subject, mistakes and oversimplifications are inevitable. Mr. Lloyd, by understating the complexities of industrial development in the new countries of Asia and Africa, tends to exaggerate the impact of foreign aid programs. The discussion of agriculture seems to me both superficial and wrong: There is no reason to assume that the alternative to government subsidy is the revival of the plantation, the efficient, medium-sized farm, run by a single family, has demonstrated its viability. Nor is it quite fair to put so much blame on Secretary Benson for the soaring costs of price supports. But in the end these reservations, Mr. Lloyd has coherently outlined our needs and resources, and the policies for matching the one with the other. The charts are excellent, the writing a fine example of expository prose, and the result an important aid to public education.

MOVIES

Two Versions of the Truth

Sunrise at Campobello (Warner)
The Entertainer (Continental)

If you think no good films are being made for children, take your family to *Sunrise at Campobello*. It is clean, educational, true.

Dore Schary, the Clarence Budington Kelland of liberalism, could reply to the above that thousands of adults have enjoyed his play and that, probably, millions will enjoy his film. This is irrefutable: but a bit depressing. He has done thorough research on the life of Franklin Roosevelt from 1921 to 1924 and has done an adequate job of construction with the materials. He has then written his dialogue with leaden subtlety and primer explicitness.

Sample of conversation *between husband and wife:* "I often think of something Woodrow Wilson once said to me. 'It is only once in a generation that a people can be lifted above material things. That is why conservative government is in the saddle for two-thirds of the time'."

Sample of deft exposition (wife speaking to husband):

"I hardly think you will be held responsible for the defeat of the Democratic Party. After all, Cox was the Presidential candidate, not you."

The aroma of the Assembly Day program hangs over it all. Every character represents certain Capitalized Qualities, and Vincent J. Donehue, confectioner's spatula in hand, has directed to suit. As FDR Ralph Bellamy does a passable imitation, credibly conveying the impossibility of living with a man who was, congenitally, a public figure even at home. The mechanical Hume Cronyn is unsuccessful as Louis Howe. Greer Garson, who is made to pay Mrs. Roosevelt the dubious compliment of dental imitation, gives a warm, substantial portrayal.

The title seems inexact. Literally, much is made of a sunset at Campobello. Figuratively also, didn't Roosevelt's sun seem to set there? It was at the convention three years later that it rose. Surely a more apposite title would be *Sunrise at Madison Square Garden?*

The Entertainer John Osborne's second play and (with Nigel Kneale) second film, confirms the opinion of him derived from *Look Back in Anger*. He has theatrical imagination, fierce sympathies, and a gift for trenchant dialogue, but he also has flawed perspective and imperfect artistic honesty. He is that perennial, the promising writer; but he breaks his promises as he makes them.

Although in concept *The Entertainer* is more exciting, it is a slighter work than the first. Archie Rice, a seedy music-hall comic, has a second wife, two grown sons and a daughter, and a father who is a retired music-hall star. Archie is a shrewd, selfish animal who deliberately lives in fantasy – a sort of whistling past the graveyard of dead hopes. His only realities are girls and draught Bass ale. The story takes him past the end of illusion to the finish of his stage career. Finally, Archie's only course is abandonment of the halls and emigration to a drab job in Canada.

The most patent manipulation for the jerking of tears is the use of news about the soldier son. (It all takes place during the Suez crisis in 1956.) First he is reported missing, and that is exploited for a family scene; then he is a prisoner about to be released, then he is reported killed; and each of those stages is milked. Osborne could have stretched it out indefinitely.

Why does the daughter leave her London job to stay with her family? She is not asked. Why does she abandon her useful social work and refuse to marry her fiancé? The author simply needed her on hand for his purposes (and, in the film, leaves her final status quite unclear). The old man's death in the wings and the checks that the supposedly sharp Archie writes before he has money in the bank, these, too, are transparent devices that spread a layer of old-fashioned hokum over a play that is meant to be fearlessly truthful.

We can have even less faith in Osborne as social critic. As an index to post-war Britain, the Rice family is relatively useless. The same tatty theatrical story would have been true 50 years before and could be true 50 years hence in any society that Os-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stephen Mahoney *is a young New York writer who, until recently, worked in advertising.* Robert Lekachman *teaches economics at Barnard College.*

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borne desires. Does he think success will come to all performers in a perfect world? Will there be no self-deception and drink and frantic fornication to keep off the shadows? And if this is to take his story literally, it is his fault for not having made his people larger. They represent little more than themselves.

Osborne's inconsistencies go further. After talking at length about moldy old Europe and Archie's fantasies, he tries to wring pathos out of Archie's shedding of these for a life founded on fact in a new world. Worst of all is the lack of correlation between the Rice *ménage*, as symbol, and Britain 1960. Visitors to Britain today may not be charmed by all its improvements but cannot feel that they are in a depressed country. This is already a considerably dated play.

The result is something like a spotty opera in which there are some good scenes but not much over-all validity. By developing the theme of Archie and a girl he means to exploit, the film has more of a spine than the play; but in effect it is still only a series of quarrels.

Laurence Olivier, in the title role, does the best impersonation of a song-and-dance man by an actor since Alfred Lunt in *Idiot's Delight;* but otherwise his performance is, for Olivier, somewhat disappointing. He creates a telling self-disgust (the picnic scene with the daughter is particularly good) but he indulges in Hamlet-y gazes too deep for Archie (the scene in the caravan) and sometimes offers us lip-chewing *vice* acting. The net is a gallery of studied effects, some of which succeed resoundingly, rather than a seamless, realized performance.

As his wife (admittedly a simpler part) Brenda de Banzie is superb. Her drunk scene is one to which all Studio actors should be taken and held fast by the nape of the neck until they've seen it a dozen times. Joan Plowright, despite her kewpie-doll voice and face, generates a certain appeal as the daughter. Roger Livesey, the father, depicts well a faded petty grandeur.

Eclectic is the word for Tony Richardson's direction, which is to say he has a good memory. (The tilted camera from Duvivier, the sharp cuts to visual shockers from Hitchcock and Welles, etc.) The exterior photography, done at Morecambe, a Lancashire seaside resort, is sufficiently vivid to make one avoid it for life. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Brecht and Others

Although Broadway still remains unconscious of the existence of Bertolt Brecht, he has become, since his death, the tutelary spirit of the European theater, and every ambitious young foreign dramatist labors under his shadow. Yet, while his impact abroad is enormous, it has had both a negative and positive effect, for the playwrights of the European avant-garde have come to regard Brecht with the same ambiguous mixture of awe and hostility that radical sons often display towards a revolutionary father. Ionesco, Beckett, and Genet, for example, consider their work a direct assault on Brecht's reforms (it is one of the paradoxes of our theater that Americans have been exposed to these counter-revolutionary activities before having experienced the full force of the original revolt), while plays like Osborne's *The Entertainer,* Duerrenmatt's *The Visit,* and Behan's *The Hostage* openly defer to his themes and techniques. Despite his obvious importance abroad, Brecht – like Ibsen (another Broadway pariah) – has to be smuggled into this country in the works of lesser dramatists. And, if the fate of Ibsen is any precedent, I can foresee the unhappy day when our journalists will evaluate and dismiss Brecht on the basis of his influence without having seen more than one or two of his plays.

Irma La Douce
Original book and music
by Alexandre Breffort and
Marguerite Monnot
(Plymouth Theater)

A Taste of Honey
by Shelagh Delaney
(Lyceum Theater)

Becket
by Jean Anouilh
(St. James Theater)

I mention this because another Brechtian imitation has recently turned up on Broadway, masquerading as a lighthearted musical comedy hit. Originally a French creation, now adapted (and probably laundered) by an army of English writers, *Irma La Douce* is set in

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PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

Prostitution at Abydos Temple . . . Aphrodisia of Aegina . . . Bathing as a prelude to worship . . . "Conformist" orgy compared to "rebel" orgy . . . Kissing contest at Diocleia . . . Eleusinian mysteries . . . Exhibitionism . . . Flagellomania . . . Masochistic practices . . . Homosexuality in Ancient Greece . . . Incubi and succubi . . . Life and ideas of Marquis de Sade . . . Posture girls . . . Satanism . . . "Sex-magic" . . . Bacchic dances

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the Paris underworld, populated with hoods, pimps, and corrupt policemen, narrated in an entertaining pseudo-Epic style, and studded with hoarse and melancholy Piaf-ish songs. Since the musical revolves around a cheerful unregenerate prostitute in love with a law student reluctantly turned pimp, there seem to be enough Brechtian ingredients to make up a brew as heady as *The Threepenny Opera*. But though they sent one reviewer into fits of moral indignation, they all resolve into soda water: *Irma* is a bubbly, burpy nonintoxicant designed to quench your thirst without arousing too many Prohibitionists. Except in one number, "The Christmas Child," where gangsters, like the Magi, present Irma's infant with certain gifts essential for survival (tommy guns, switch knives, and a bullet-proof pram), Brecht's mordant vision of human motives in a democratic society has been buried beneath a frothy and harmless romanticism. In consequence, *Irma* emerges as an unpretentious fairy tale, distinguished by a virtuoso performance from a combination mime and character actor named Clive Revill, but no more dangerous than a fist from which all the knuckles have been removed.

Shelagh Delaney's *Taste of Honey* uses Brechtian techniques as well, in the form of songs, asides to the audience, and a jazz quartet which wanders in and out of the action. Here, however, they seem completely gratuitous – originally introduced, I suspect, not by the author but by her London producer, Joan Littlewood. To judge from her effect on authors, Miss Littlewood aims to combine conventional realism from America with Brecht's alienation effects, but as she unwittingly proved in her domesticated production of *The Hostage*, the two styles do not mix. While *The Hostage* demanded less realism, however, *A Taste of Honey* cries for more, for it is a bleak, unretouched photograph of lower middle-class life in Lancashire featuring a chaotic 18-year-old girl with a blowsy, promiscuous mother who perennially deserts her, a Negro lover who impregnates her, and a gentle male homosexual who cares for her during her confinement. The dialogue is accurate, the characters unsentimentally conceived, and the evocation of modern England's spiritual vacuity deft and sure, but I can say little more about this formless, themeless, idealess gloss on Zola except to express amazement that it was written by an adolescent girl. Tony Richardson and George Devine have directed the American production with humor and poignancy; and Joan Plowright delivers another of her superb Chaplinesque performances in which legs, arms, torso, and eyebrows combine to lift the character beyond the limited confines of mere authenticity.

Having matured in an earlier age, Jean Anouilh owes more to Sardou than to Brecht. But since *Becket* – his account of the friendship and conflict between Henry II and the 12th Century English saint – is a dreary, plodding pageant without form, idea, or purpose, he could have used a bit of Brecht's historical imagination in writing it. While M. Anouilh is an excellent comedian of modern morals and manners, his chronicle plays (I include *The Lark*) invariably reduce historical issues to conflicts between "personalities," thus making the drama much less interesting than a good book of history. In *Becket*, for example, the great medieval struggle between Church and State has been minified into a lover's quarrel between a loutish jealous king with homosexual tendencies and a rather cold nihilist suddenly possessed with a compulsion to defend the "honor of God" – all played against a Norman-Saxon background stolen from Sir Walter Scott. Even though Anouilh has chosen a religious subject, he always treats it in a cavalier secular fashion (Becket, whose saintliness is very unconvincing, benignly sanctions a knife-happy monk to "get one of them" when the assassins enter the cathedral) – and the author even gives the English king authority to proclaim Becket a saint!

The production is twice as witless as the play. Peter Glenville – displaying the same loving care for opulent externals and the same indifference to coherent performances as he did in *Rashomon* – has directed *Becket* as if it were a DeMille Epic in Cinemascope and Stereophonic sound. Sumptuously appointed fake horses manipulated by actors clomping on wooden lifts, form frequent equestrian processions upstage, brass music blares at you through countless speakers front and back, and every kind of movie pageantry is provided excepting the Crucifixion (though once I thought I glimpsed that, too, when Becket spread his arms across an altar). As for the acting, perhaps its inadequacies can be explained by the fact that the two leads speak half their parts mounted on these hobby horses: Anthony Quinn enacts the king in a croaking, intense contemporary manner, groping and grappling every human form in sight, while Sir Laurence Olivier, instead of creating a new character, pieces Becket together out of all his (and my) favorite roles, barking his lines like a melancholy terrier. Oliver Smith did the designs for this overproduced and under-rehearsed epic, and if you see his sets you will understand why the price of tickets is so enormously high.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Politics in College

Sirs:

Mr. Jencks' ideas on American college students ("Politics Is for Other People" October 3) are totally in error. First he says we are indifferent to the political happenings in our country. At first glance this may seem to be true but the odds are that right this second the most heated discussions throughout college campuses revolve around Mr. K, Nixon and Kennedy, India and China, West Berlin, Castro and Cuba and other such topics. Mr. Jencks may think that all

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we know is football, coeds and the like but in a few short years we naïve, young, uninterested "undergraduates" will be in control of this country – and we'll do a damn good job and we'll know more about the job than any of our predecessors.

Second, Mr. Jencks says that we can find no way in which to participate in politics, whereas an English student has parliamentary glory to look forward to. I ask Mr. Jencks what he thinks Mr. Nixon was doing when he was twenty-one?

Edward Czevwinski
University of Rhode Island
Kingston, Rhode Island

How Liberal Is Kennedy?

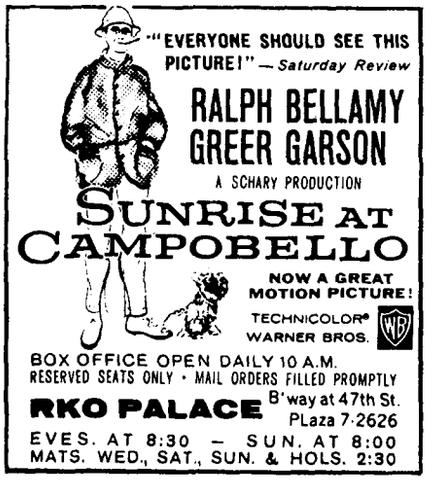
Sirs:

My dilemma is not an uncommon one: What shall I do on November 8? The thought of Nixon as President gives me the galloping fantods; I cannot vote for a fabrication. Alternatively, I have several strong reservations about Kennedy which cannot be dismissed even by John Roche ("Can Kennedy Set Them Afire," September 26) as the Stevensonian Sulks or the trembles that shake intellectuals when they bump into political reality.

When Kennedy says he is not satisfied to see "... men like Jimmy Hoffa in charge of the largest union in the United States, still free," I seriously wonder whether the man has ever heard of due process, the presumption of innocence, or the Bill of Rights. Yet TRB assures us that Kennedy is more liberal than Stevenson.

In a recent campaign speech, Kennedy flailed Eisenhower's foreign unpolicy for letting American prestige and influence shrink around the world. Cuba, which Kennedy appears to consider one of Moscow's "new frontiers," was one of his examples. Three years ago, he said, no country had more influence or prestige in Cuba than the US. Apparently Kennedy has forgotten about Batista. Or maybe this is what Roche would call "playing the game for keeps."

William H. Hildebrand
Kent, Ohio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Church and State

Sirs:

A most happy circumstance of the many interrogations of Kennedy by groups of the Protestant clergy, is their almost universal and unmistakable pleasure in his forthright answers. Probably no one has ever before so thoroughly and carefully outlined and affirmed all of our constitutional safeguards for the absolute separation of church and state.

If he is elected, it might even become a sort of a "Kennedy Doctrine," or at least a strong precedent, tending to further safeguard this separation from any later encroachment, by any religion or religionist whomsoever.

Lou Wilhelm
Portland, Oregon

Nixon's Farm Proposal

Sirs:

The only "original and breathtaking" thing about Mr. Nixon's proposal that surplus grains be converted into high-protein foods is that once again the government is supposed to pay for what would come naturally in an unrigged market. Farmers always used to send their corn to market in the form of hogs when it paid to do so. The price of grain is supposed to be low to induce just this sort of service by the producers to the consumers. But when the price of grain is held artificially high and farmers are even penalized for growing their own grain to feed their own animals, it's no wonder that food is too high priced for most of the people in the world who need it.

Helen Bugbee
Chicago, Ill.

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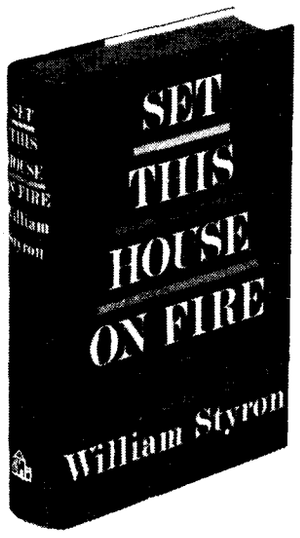

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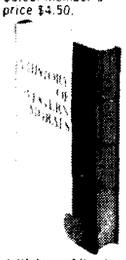

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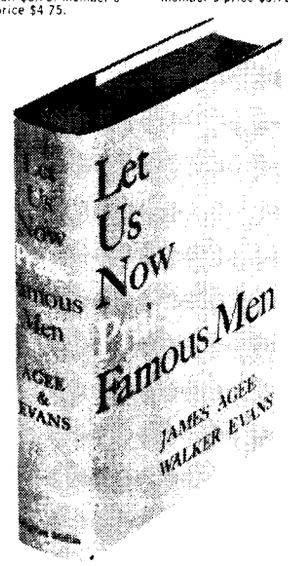

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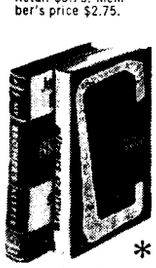

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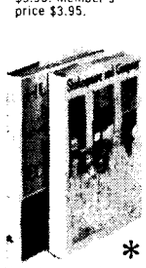

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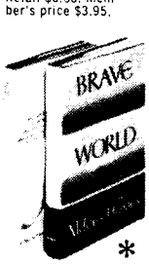

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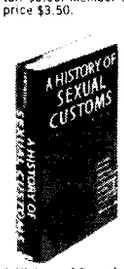

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